



## *\Hymns of*

### HYMN I.

#### *Of A B T R M A.*

E ARLY, before the day doth  
spring, L et us awake, my  
Muse ! and sing ! I t is no  
time to slumber ! S o many  
joys this Time doth bring,  
A s time will fail to number.

B ut, whereto shall we bend our  
Lays ? E ven up to heaven, again  
to raise T he Maid ! which,  
thence descended, H ath brought  
again the Golden Days A nd all  
the world amended.

R udeness itself, She doth  
refine 1 E ven like an  
Alchemist divine, G\* ross  
Times of Iron turning I nto  
the purest form of Gold; N ot  
to corrupt, till heaven wax old  
A nd be refined with burning.